

given for withholding it. He was Aaron Burr's friend, and there were ties between them which made the President either anxious to serve Burr, or at least not to antagonize him. The mists of time are closing over the less important events of those days, but still it is known that the hatred of Jefferson for Alexander Hamilton was something fearful. It was all that Washington himself could do to keep peace in his cabinet when those two were members. Their natures were absolutely antagonistic. Hamilton was a natural soldier. He believed in the majesty of the laws and the necessity of order, that the affairs of a government, like its books should balance every night, and when any offense was winked at, it was an injustice to the government.

On the other hand Jefferson, because, perhaps, of his long residence amid the troublous events which he had watched in Paris, had within him a leaning toward the Red Republicanism which ruled there, and rested his mind on a belief that if enough freedom was given the people even if they sometimes mistook license for liberty, their sense of right would cause them, after a while, to cure their own wrongs. Of course the two men clashed and on lines which were irreconcilable. When Jefferson and Burr were a tie for President, with a lofty disdain, Hamilton worked and caused Jefferson to be named, and the way he did it intensified the hate of both the others against him, for his advocacy of Jefferson he declared was an unfortunate necessity because Burr, he did not hesitate to state, was inherently corrupt. When a little later Burr killed Hamilton in a duel, though the nation was quite as much shocked as when Garfield or McKinley was shot, Burr, the next week went to Washington and Jefferson gave him a state dinner at the executive mansion. It was the most direct way that Jefferson could give public notice that the death of Hamilton, brought no sorrow to him. So, perhaps, when Burr was arraigned for treason, and Burr's letters that he had written to Jefferson were wanted by the court, it was natural for Jefferson to decline to give them up on the score that the process of the court could not reach him so long as he was President of the United States.

When one thinks of those three men, Hamilton, Jefferson and Burr, he is instinctively reminded of what Carlyle says of the three great actors of the French revolution—Napoleon, Mirabeau and Danton: "The far most interesting best-gifted of this trio is Mirabeau, a man of much finer nature than either of the others; of a genius equal in strength, we will say, to Napoleon's; but a much humaner genius, almost a poetical one. With wider sympathies of his own he appeals far more persuasively to the sympathy of men."

That Mirabeau was the man who started the French revolution; the man who would have saved Queen Marie Antoinette and a constitutional monarchy for France except for the queen's obstinacy, and who had traits like all the great Americans named above and was such a man that even the cynical Carlyle said of him:

"In fiery rough figure with black Samson locks, under the slouch hat he steps along there. A fierce feciginous mass, which could not be choked and smothered, but would fill all France with smoke. And now it has got air; it will burn its whole substance, its whole smoke atmosphere, too, and fill all France with flame. Strange lot. Forty years of that smouldering, with foul fire-damp and vapor enough; then victory over that—and like a burning mountain, he blazes heaven-high; and for twenty-three resplendent months, pours out in flame and molten fire-torrents all that is in him, the Pharos and wondering sign of amazed Europe—and then lies, hollow, cold forever. Pass on, thou questionable Gabriel

Honore, the greatest of them all, in the whole national deputies, in the whole nation, there is none like and none second to thee."

That refers especially to the time when he sprung the revolution upon France and rode the storm twenty-three months, then suddenly died.

Firey, fierce, gifted with an eloquence that took captive the hearts of men and women alike, compelling, making the six hundred deputies do his will; out of it all he won the appellation—"The friend of man." Another account says: "From drill-sergeant to prime ministers, all manner of men he had seen. All manner of men he had gained; for at bottom, it is a solid, loving heart—that wild unconquerable one—more especially all manner of women. From the Archer's daughter at Saintes, to that fair young Sophie, Madam Monnier, whom he could not help but steal."

He was contemporary with three great Americans named above; and had his effect on all their lives in different ways. He had the same love of the masses that Jefferson had, the same love of order and the same executive force that Hamilton had; he had the fascinating ways and the power to adopt means to ends that Burr had. He blazed through the world like a comet, but he had all the light and warmth of the sun. It was his mission to awaken the storm which it was Napoleon's mission to ride until its fury was exhausted.

Tecumseh Sherman

YESTERDAY was Sherman day. Had Tecumseh Sherman lived until today he would have been ninety years old. He was a great American, a great soldier. At the opening of the war he saw what was coming more clearly than any of those who were watching the gathering storm. He had lived a good deal in California and in the southern states and with his quick reckoning he saw what the storm would be and gave full warning. He was the most dramatic of all the generals of the war save Fremont; the difference between the two was that one seemed to understand from the first that it was a tragedy that was being performed, while the other always seemed to be setting the stage for a comic opera.

Sherman fought the long war through and made no mistakes, save the joint mistake that he and Grant made in permitting themselves to be surprised at Shiloh. By high deeds Tecumseh Sherman earned the everlasting gratitude of his countrymen, and everlasting fame.

Valentine's Day And Eggs

VALENTINE'S DAY has passed once more and the impecunious boarder who has been feasting twice a week on cold-storage eggs, is watching to see if the aristocratic hen is going to unbend a little and supply eggs, the yolks of which have not settled down to one side of the shell. The legends tell us that Valentine was an humble priest in Rome some 1,623 years ago, and he won his sainthood by being beaten to death by the fierce fanatics there, and there being nothing new under the sun, many people are seriously contemplating the beating of the first chicken they meet, unless eggs begin to decline in the market very soon. The romance that attaches to the day, the billing and cooing of young lovers which dates from this day, do not count for very much when fresh eggs are 50 cents per dozen. But, seriously, does any one remember the first valentine that he or she wrote or received? Was there ever any other such a missive? Maybe the words were not all correctly spelled; maybe the grammar would not have borne close inspection, but did it lack one feature to make it perfect? Hardly. It was what the lark's song is when she hails the sun. It was the signal of a new dawn. The heavens had bent down suddenly and one felt as was told of old, "And gods walked free with men that day, though men knew not."

All the poor surroundings melted away; poverty was forgotten; toil was nothing; radiant, wonderful lights were before the eyes, divine pictures were hung all around in the air; dreamland opened before the eyes, the ears were filled with celestial music and from gardens where flowers were perennial the perfume came like a balm to the intoxicated senses. No wonder that the wise birds mate on St. Valentine's day.

The Unearned Increment

THE reason Henry George most relied upon for urging that all revenues should be raised by a tax on land, was that it would do away with the unearned increment which made so many men rich, with no exertion on their part. When he first started on his mission, or crusade, or whatever else it might be called, in San Francisco, he had a catching argument right at hand. The young and enterprising men who came to California during the first ten years after '49, pulled out for the rivers and hills, where placer gold could be found. They had to be supplied with everything, so from the first the merchants of San Francisco did well. There was another class that lived by loaning money, generally short loans, from steamer day to steamer day, at thieving interest generally. Sometimes this class, when they could get nothing else from a debtor would take a lot out on the sand-hills. The city kept growing. There was a steady increase by immigration, and then as men made little fortunes in the hills, they went down and established themselves in the big city. When the Comstock and other silver mines were discovered in Nevada and other territories then there was a rush and transformation in San Francisco. Then these men who had the lots in the sand-hills suddenly found themselves rich, and when worn-out miners came to them, they told them that had they been prudent and settled in San Francisco instead of chasing rainbows they would have done so much better, never admitting that because they had chased the rainbows, San Francisco had prospered,—that what they had was what had accumulated around them with no effort on their part. But this unearned increment is what more men than we think relies upon to make money.

Men buy lots in a growing city with no intention of ever improving them. They reason that the city is growing; that if it increases 10 per cent or 50 per cent in value, their lots will increase in the same ratio, while if a great building is erected on the lot above and the lot below, they may double or quadruple their money. This is not confined to the cities. Men are on the alert all the time, keeping watch where a road is to run or a great irrigation ditch is to be run, or a great manufacturing plant is to be established, and they proceed to get holdings near, on the theory that the improvements made by other men will enhance their property. It is the same way in a mining camp. A find is made, then locations follow. And ask the locators where their property is and it is either on the lode which is known to be rich or is a parallel vein. And where the ore bodies are deep and require months or years of development, very many of these locators are content to wait, their reasoning being that if the other company strikes it, the strike will surely greatly enhance the value of their property, if nothing is found they will be out nothing.

And all this is legitimate business, thought it compels the enterprising to take all the risks and do all the work. It cannot be helped in the mines, but it could be helped in cities and in the country by making the taxation of the property keep pace with advancing values. And this will be done when men become thoroughly enlightened and when there shall grow up a determination all around, that absolute justice shall be done.